

Old Home Week

LIFE



OLD JOKES AT HOME

Cholly Sapleigh (who is attempting to hide the fact that he has never been at Narragansett before): HAS YOUR WIFE BEEN ENTERTAINING THIS SEASON?

Miss Mabel Gotrox: NOT VERY.

(Continued on page 6)



A Good Joke—On Us

WELL, it seems there were two Irishmen, Moe and Rachel, who had just landed.

"Me deah fellah," asked Cholly, "what a deucedly bally sort of jolly old blighter you are, *eh bien?*"

"Befo' Gawd, massa," drawled Cy, "dey ain't nobuddy here 'ceptin' us chickens!" He got the job.

There is a lesson in that for us. You really don't have to subscribe for LIFE for a year, even supposing you wanted to. For a \$1 bill we will send you 10 issues*—just fill in the coupon (or fill it out, if you prefer).

O Boy, that Impulse!

LIFE.
598 Madison Ave.,
New York.

Enclosed find \$1, for which please send me 10 issues of your book with covers, suitable for framing for den or smoking room.

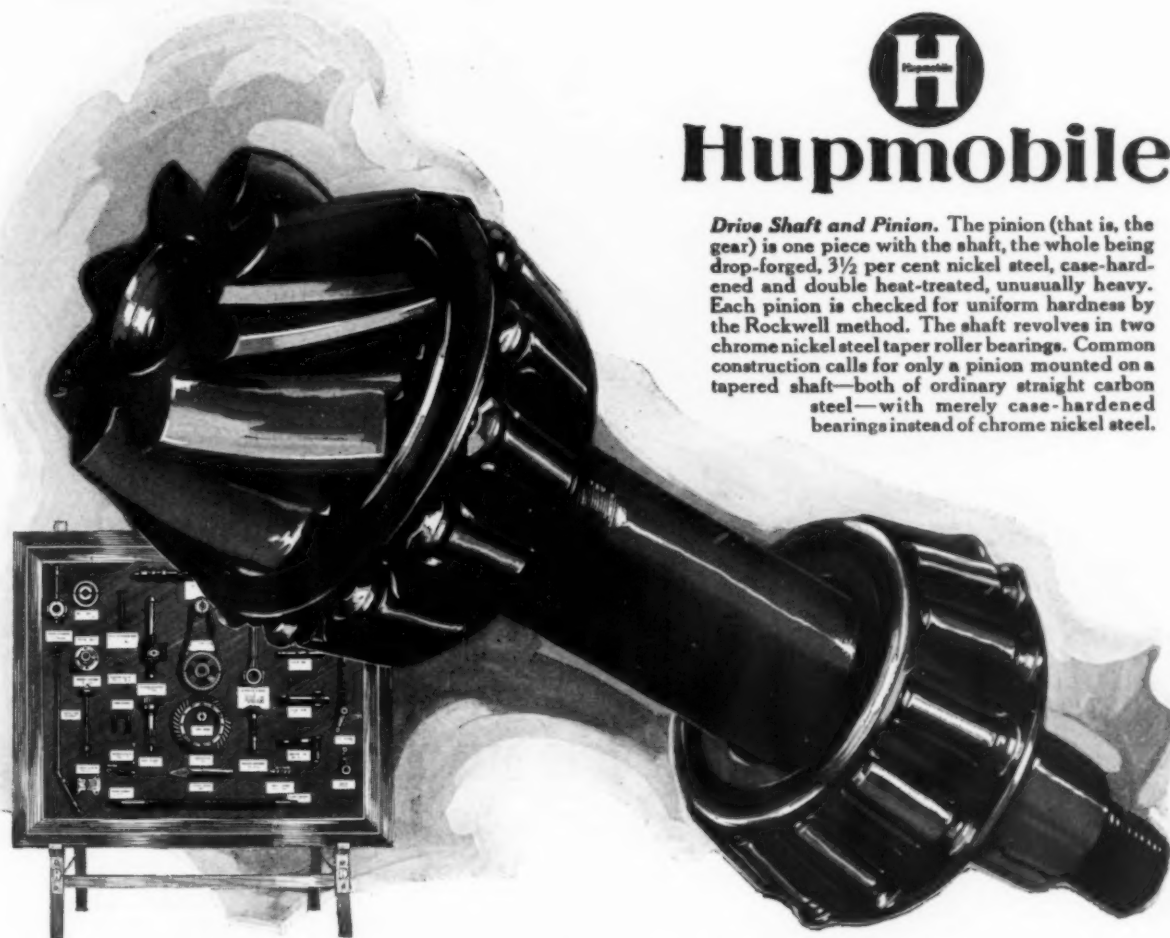
(Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40.)

345

Life

*Including our third great burlesque
—The Feminine Number.

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)



Hupmobile

Drive Shaft and Pinion. The pinion (that is, the gear) is one piece with the shaft, the whole being drop-forged, 3½ per cent nickel steel, case-hardened and double heat-treated, unusually heavy. Each pinion is checked for uniform hardness by the Rockwell method. The shaft revolves in two chrome nickel steel taper roller bearings. Common construction calls for only a pinion mounted on a tapered shaft—both of ordinary straight carbon steel—with merely case-hardened bearings instead of chrome nickel steel.

A Lesson In Invisible Costs As Simple As a Kindergarten Task

There are people who still buy cars on looks alone or first cost alone.

The fundamentals of quality, durability, economy are as unknown as the value of X.

We sympathize with that state of mind. That is why Hupmobiles are everywhere sold with the aid of a mechanical parts display.

Some Things We all Know About Cars

All of us appreciate pocketbooks and their contents. We do realize that some cars are not only noisy, rattly, jerky and bumpy, but short-lived, costly to run, and troublesome, most of the time.

We all know there are good and sufficient reasons why one car costs more than another.

And so we suggest that you step into your nearest Hupmobile sales room

and study the parts display. You'll find everything labeled.

Parts that are drop-forged have a message you can understand without the slightest mechanical knowledge.

When Extra Weight Is a Costly Penalty

For instance, take the Hupp touring car. Its loaded weight is 3,400 pounds.

Supposing you bought either of two well known competing cars. In one case you would penalize yourself to the extent of 975 extra pounds; in the other 750 extra pounds.

This additional weight greatly reduces tire life and, naturally, consumes more fuel, more oil and more power.

Drop-forgings and alloy steels are the contributing Hupmobile factors in reducing weight and maintaining

the strength that means safety and durability in the car.

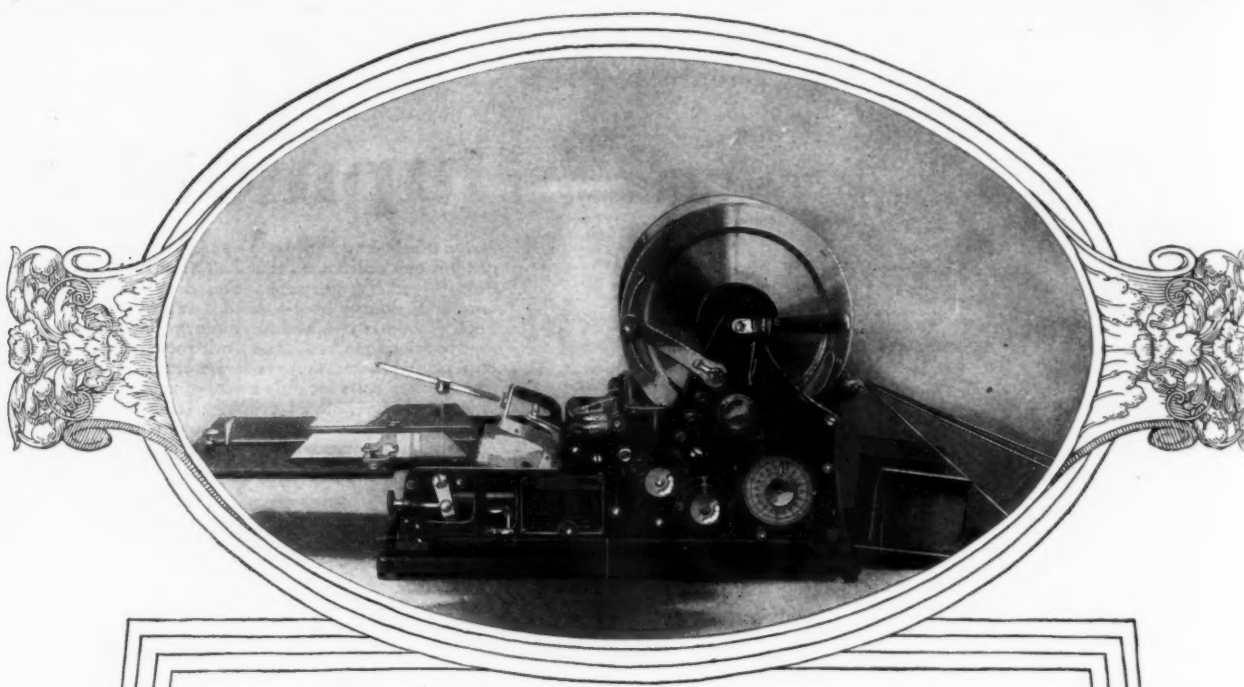
The Hupmobile salesmen will point out, in the parts display, the drop-forgings and the parts made of expensive alloy steels. The cards attached tell of the cheaper methods and materials used in many cars and in some costing much more than a Hupmobile.

An Object Lesson in Genuine Quality

In other words, the parts display is really an object lesson in invisible cost, and—more important—in quality of the highest degree. It's so simple, he who runs may read.

And in it lies the whole answer to Hupmobile quality that for 15 years has given perfect satisfaction to thousands of American motorists.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan



THE EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH —for offices

It is not merely a duplicating machine; it completes a *process* and is one of the world's great conservers of time and money.

In a simple way it rapidly reproduces by the thousands, splendidly printed copies of originals which may be typewritten or drawn with a stylus, such as Form Letters, Bulletins, Diagrams or kindred matter—and at a low cost.

Will It Help You?

Sizes of Mimeographs to suit requirements—proportionate prices.

Information in detail sent and questions concerning the process promptly attended to upon request.

A. B. DICK COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

MIMEOGRAPH

Life

Pipe Dreams

or

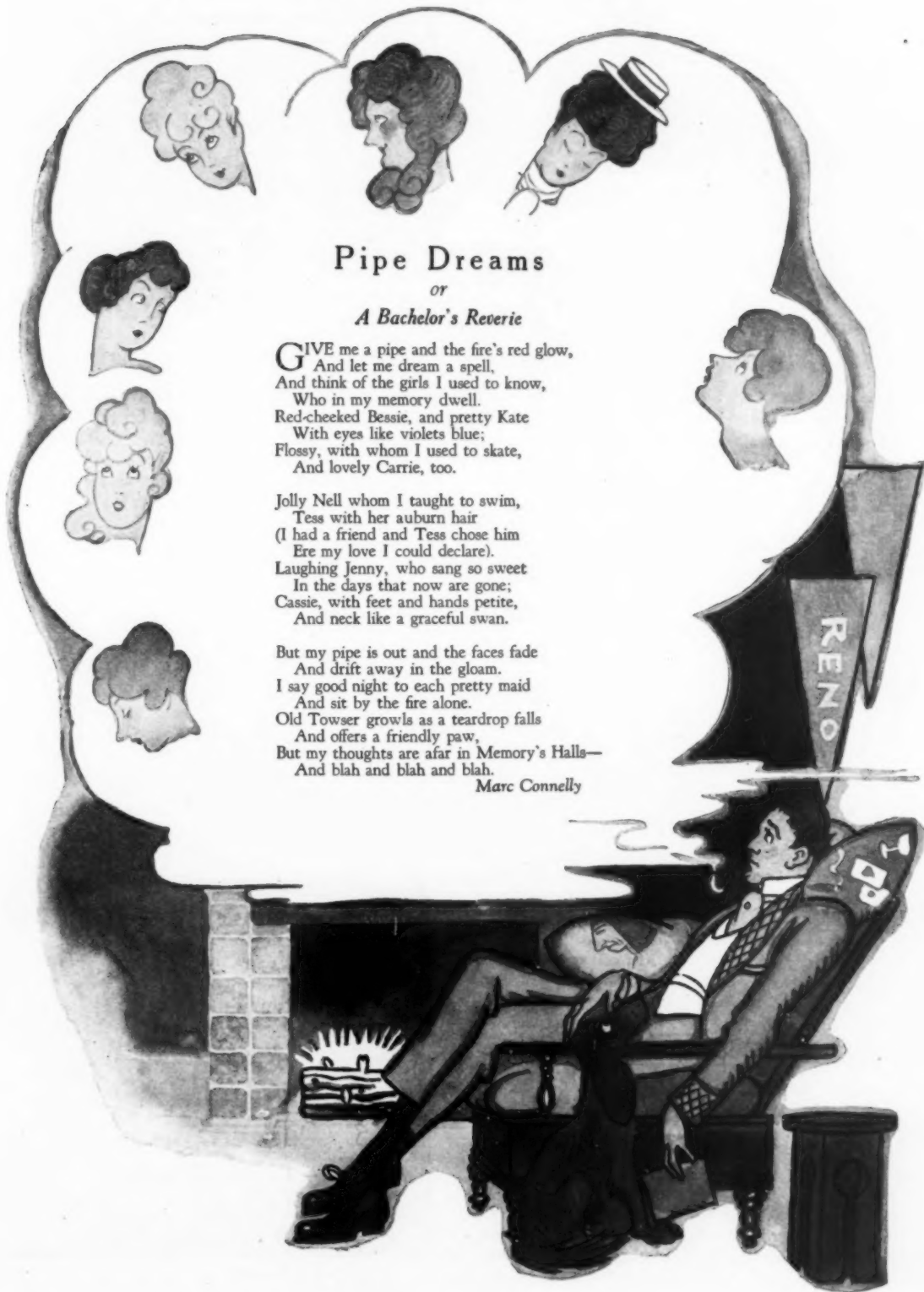
A Bachelor's Reverie

GIVE me a pipe and the fire's red glow,
And let me dream a spell,
And think of the girls I used to know,
Who in my memory dwell.
Red-cheeked Bessie, and pretty Kate
With eyes like violets blue;
Flossy, with whom I used to skate,
And lovely Carrie, too.

Jolly Nell whom I taught to swim,
Tess with her auburn hair
(I had a friend and Tess chose him
Ere my love I could declare).
Laughing Jenny, who sang so sweet
In the days that now are gone;
Cassie, with feet and hands petite,
And neck like a graceful swan.

But my pipe is out and the faces fade
And drift away in the gloam.
I say good night to each pretty maid
And sit by the fire alone.
Old Towser growls as a teardrop falls
And offers a friendly paw,
But my thoughts are afar in Memory's Halls—
And blah and blah and blah.

Marc Connelly





THE KIND OF A CURL THAT MEN FORGET

These Americans

The West Virginian

HE cannot understand how anybody can joke about the B. & O. Railroad. It is a serious matter to him.

He is an easy-going, neighborly sort of fellow, although he is likely to be irritated if some person he does not know very well starts shooting at him from behind a snake fence.

He does not object to Prohibition, but he may be pretty mad if they ever introduce it into his state.

He thinks the day of the annual football game between West Virginia University and Washington and Jefferson College ought to be a national holiday.

He knows how to get from Parkersburg to Morgantown without using a dog team.

He does not say, "If Davis is elected." He says, "When Davis is elected."

McCready Huston.

Fingers of Clay

I HAVE a friend. He is a wonderful man. His mind is an unfathomable brilliancy. His words are beautiful, resonant symbols of great, original thoughts. Until to-day I considered him a strayed god. To-day he carefully read a fresh-paint sign, tenderly touched the paint, and said:

"By Jove! It is fresh, isn't it?"

R. I. P.

THE full dinner pail...pyrography...Foxy Grandpa...
"Go way back and sit down"...the Keeley Cure...peg top pants...
"How'd you like to be the iceman?"...The Big Stick...Boni de Castellane...the Borden Case...celluloid collars...
the man who ran for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket in 1872...Langley's Folly...
"Wouldn't that jar you?"...

Automobubbles...the original six chorus men in the Florodora sextette...free silver...The Four Hundred...
"Nit"...pug dogs...The Yellow Kid...
"The Great Train Robbery"...shoe-lace watch fobs...Nellie Bly...
"Biggest in the City—5c"...the straight front and the saddle back...
jig-saw puzzles...Nan Patterson...
"23—Skidoo"...sparkling...the Vanderbilt Cup....

Billikens...
"Meet me in St. Louis, Louis"...
"The Battle of the Century"...Anna Held's milk baths...tandem bicycles...
Votes for Women...dens...
"Get a horse"...free lunch...stereoscopes...
Fauntleroy curls...
"The Black Crook"...archery tournaments...Anthony Comstock....

The winner of the 1902 World's Championship in Ping Pong...cotillions...red plush...
"The Wizard of Oz"...sheath skirts...cast-iron deer...
"Where the chicken got the axe"...souvenir seashells...
"Not on your tin-type"....

"After the Ball"...panoramas...The Trusts...
"Ah, there!"...the Seven Sutherland Sisters...
"Wilson—That's All"...sleeve garters...Carrie Nation...steel engravings...
"Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-Ay"...wax flowers...Sunny Jim...

"Danderine grew this hair and we can prove it"...hobble skirts...
"East Lynne"...Consuelo Vanderbilt's trousseau...
"It's raining in London"...cigarette pictures...
"The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous"...scorching...waistlines...
Buster Brown...Merry Widow hats...dudes...licorice whips...
Pope Toledos...Dorando...cozy corners...the barn dance...
Puck...Hetty Green...Pittsburgh stogies...crayon enlargements...
"Yes, We Have No Bananas"....

The New Version

"ARE you going to invite George to your dance?"
"Heavens, no! He always puts a dry blanket on everything."

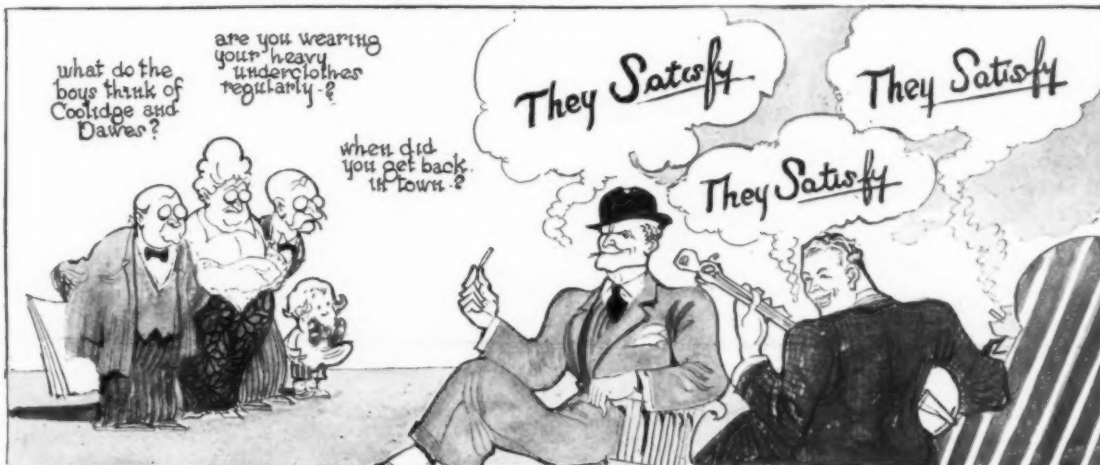


THE FIRST LOUD SPEAKER

Old Home Week Among the Advertisers



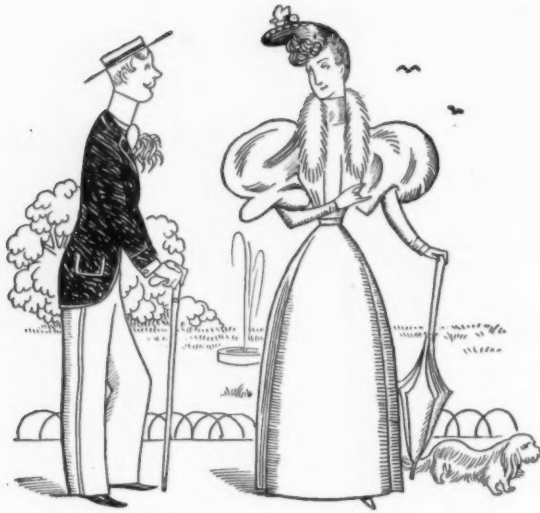
THE SMITH BROTHERS ENJOY A BALL GAME WITH THE REST OF THE FAMILY.



THE CHESTERFIELD BOYS UNDERGO THE USUAL CROSS-EXAMINATION AT HOME.



THE CLIMAX OF THE EVENING AT THE FORHAN FAMILY REUNION.



OLD JOKES AT HOME

(Continued from the cover)

THE joke on the cover may sound a little like something you have heard before, but there is one aspect of it which is worthy of note: old as the formula may be, it has here received an entirely new treatment. Whereas in the original form the question, "Has your wife been entertaining this season?" was asked by the lady, we have now completely reversed the spirit and the sense of the thing by assigning the interrogation to the gentleman.

This is quite another matter, as you will readily agree.

If, however, it is felt that, even revolutionized in this manner, the joke still fails to hold water, this may serve:

Cholly Sapleigh: DO YOU HAVE MANY WRECKS ON THIS LINE?

Mabel Gotrox (captain of the ship, and tired of passengers who ask persistent questions): NO; YOU'RE THE FIRST I'VE SEEN FOR OVER SIX MONTHS.

In regard to this selection, we realize that the picture does not represent a scene on shipboard, and that it is silly to make believe that a pretty girl is captain of a ship, but we feel sure that the reader will cheerfully make these concessions for the sake of a good laugh.

Perhaps, though, it would be as well to change the characters entirely and substitute a new pair of fun-makers:

Mrs. Newrich (who is eager to impress the Senator with her interest in public affairs): HAVE YOU HEARD THE LAST FORD JOKE?

Senator Sorghum: I HOPE SO.

* * *

We could offer many alternative nifties if we wanted to, but it seems to us that we have done our part to give your sense of "humor" a run for its money. After all, a joke is a joke.

Another Amendment

SUGGESTED slogan for the Anti-Anti-Saloon League—You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him stop drinking.

Rosemary

I WEAR your fragrant memory, like a spray of mignonette,

As I tread the winding ribbon of the years.

How clear the radiant image of you stands before me yet

In the thousand little mirrors of my tears.

And ah, my dearest love, when I forget the way to dream

I'll forget your silent nearness in the dark,

Where languorous lilies floated on a quiet woodland stream,—

Or were you the one I'd meet in Central Park?

The love of you was sudden and the heart of you was strong;

There were leaping little devils in your eyes;

Your laughter rode the morning like a joyous May-day song,—

No, I guess that must have been two other guys.

Could I forget your April smile, the shining way of you,

Could I forget your method so adroit?

Could I forget those stories of the other girls you knew?—

Or was that the butter-and-egg man from Detroit?

A pair of truant children, we would often steal away

Where the city's voice was gloriously mute,

And plan the little cottage we should have, one happy day,—

Or were you the boy that had the wife in Butte?

You had my first, my golden love, and though we're torn apart,

Through all the circling years, I've been the same.

Your name is ever written on the pages of my heart,—

And, by the way, my dear, what *was* your name?

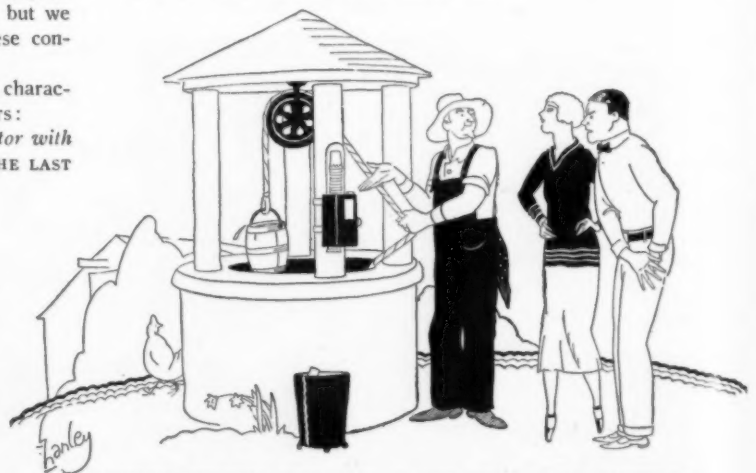
Dorothy Parker.

Fifty-Fifty

DOCTOR: What seems to be the matter?

MR. COHN: If I tell you, is it half rate?

THE Skeptics' Society is puzzled to know what to do about the Man of the Hour. A recent sample turned out to be good for only forty-three minutes.



SANITARY DRINKING CUPS—ONE OF THE IDEAS HIRAM PICKED UP WHEN HE VISITED THE CITY LAST WINTER.

Why He Married Her

HE said he married her because he loved her.

She said he married her because she really understood him.

His friend the biologist said he married her because he was tall and she was short, and he was blond and she was dark.

His friend the psychoanalyst said he married her because she resembled his mother.

The girl who had wanted him for herself said he married her because love is blind.

The man who had wanted her for himself said he married her because he wanted her money.

But the real reason he married her was that she had squeezed his hand while they were sitting out a dance the night he proposed.

Bertram Bloch.



The Supreme Court

NED: What color are you going to paint your house?

TED: Well, it will either be green with white shutters, or white with green shutters,—I can't make up my wife's mind.

THE voters are unanimous on one point at least: they certainly don't want another of those "Business" administrations.



FIFTY YEARS HENCE
BABE RUTH CELEBRATES OLD HOME RUN WEEK

Recollection

IT'S Old Home Week in Dinky Stream
(The letter came two days ago),
And sitting at my desk I dream
Of childhood scenes I used to know.

The rippling brook; the leaping trout;
The barns, chock-full of newmown hay;
The chickens' cluck; my playmates' shout,
Bidding me forth to childish play.

The cool dark well; the moss-green pump;
The furrows that I used to plow;
The dappled horses, huge and plump,—
How clear they stand before me now!

And Bill and George and Bert and Lew—
Friends of my youth—will all be there
Among the folks that they, too, knew,
Breathing the old-time country air.

The old-time scenes; the old-time cheer;
The old-time laugh; the old-time wheeze!
You bet your life I'll stay right here!
Miss Burton, take a letter, please....

Baron Ireland.

Business Before Pleasure

"I THOUGHT Hilda was going to be operated on at eleven."
"She was, but she has to have her hair bobbed first."

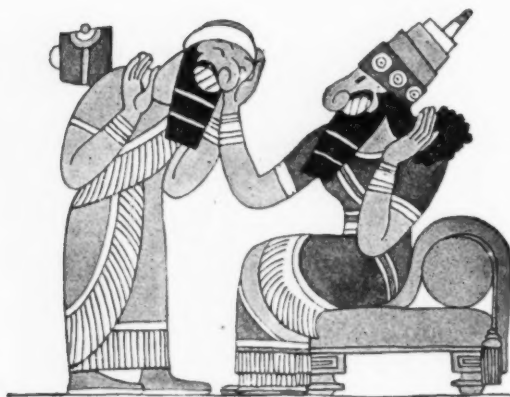
THE Nineteenth Amendment took woman out of the home and put her into politics, and the Eighteenth took liquor out of politics and put it into the home.

The Outline of Humor—



50000 B.C.

EVE DISCOVERS LAUGHTER, THEREBY DEMONSTRATING THE SUPERIORITY OF *Homo Sapiens* OVER THE DUMB BEASTS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.



950 B.C.

Courtier: WHO WERE THOSE LADIES I SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?

King Solomon (with a twinkle): THOSE WEREN'T NO LADIES—THOSE WERE MY WIVES.



800 B.C.

First Egyptian Maiden: I CAN'T DECIDE WHAT TO GIVE ISIS FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT. DO YOU THINK SHE'D LIKE A BOOK?

Second Ditto: NO; SHE'S GOT A BOOK.



218 B.C.

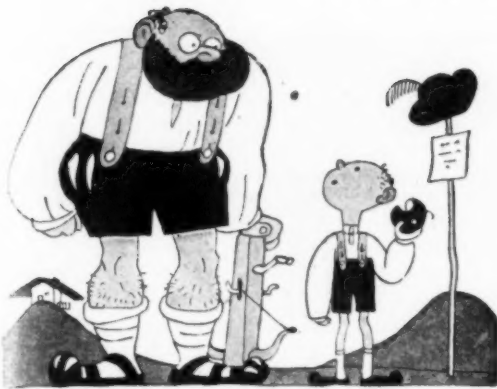
Roman Hick (seeing Hannibal's elephants for the first time): YE CAN'T FOOL ME—THEY AIN'T NO SĒCH ANIMULE!



450 A.D.

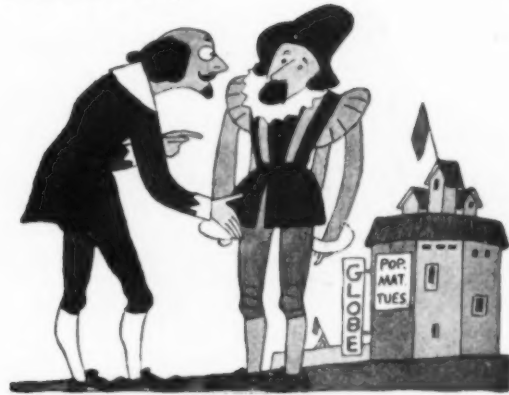
St. Patrick: BEGORRA TO YE, MOIKE, AND DID YE KNOW THAT MURPHY WAS HANGED?

St. Michael: BEJABBERS TO YE, PAT, AN' THOT'LL BE A GREAT LESSON TO HIM.



1307 A.D.

Little Willie Tell: POPPA, WHAT IS AN OPTIMIST?
Tell, Senior: AN OPTIMIST, MY BOY, IS A FELLOW WHO
 STILL KEEPS A CORKSCREW IN HIS DESK DRAWER.
 (N. B.—He got the job.)



1600 A.D.

Will Shakespeare: DIDN'T I MEET YOU IN THE
 MERMAID TAVERN LAST NIGHT?
Francis Bacon: NO, SIRRAH. I HAVE NEVER BEEN IN
 THE MERMAID TAVERN.
 "NEITHER HAVE I. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A COUPLE OF
 OTHER FELLOWS."



1789 A.D.

Louis XVI.: PARBLEU! THAT MOB MEANS BUSINESS,
 MARIE! I FOUND THREE BOMBS ON MY BREAKFAST
 TABLE THIS MORNING.
Marie Antoinette: BOO-HOO! BOO-HOO! TH-THOSE
 WEREN'T BOMBS. THEY WERE MY FIRST B-B-BISCUITS
 THAT I MADE BY MYSELF TO S-S-SURPRISE YOU.



1871 A.D.

Sir Henry Stanley (in Darkest Africa): COME,
 COME! WHO'S HIDING IN THIS BUSH?
Voice: FO' DE LOHD, BOSS—DEY AIN'T NOBUDDY HEAR
 'CEPTIN' JUS' US CHICKENS!



1924 A.D.

THE TRIUMPH OF CIVILIZED HUMOR, WHEREBY *Homo Sapiens* DEMONSTRATES HIS SUPERIORITY
 OVER HIS PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS.

Elise Dinsmore's Flaming Youth

By Henry William Hanemann



"LISE," said Mr. Horace Dinsmore to his beautiful little daughter of that name, "I shall give you a party, next week. I desire you to have a suitable occasion to meet the young son of a good friend of mine. His name is Mr. Arval Fullish. I trust you and he will become fast friends."

"Not fast, Papa," Elise reproached gently, blushing to the roots of her golden hair, "but close, if you so desire it."

"I do, I do indeed, my treasure," said Mr. Dinsmore. "And now I must take leave of you for a constitutional upon my new tricycle. Good-by, my love."

"Good-by, my dearest Papa," replied Elise, watching his jaunty egress with adoring eyes. "Thank you for my coming party—and do take care of your sinus trouble." Elise was ever considerate, ever thoughtful.

This time, she had excellent reason to be thoughtful. Doubt and torment troubled her pure young soul. Eager as she was to comply with every wish of her dearest papa, she had heard rumors that Mr. Fullish was not all he should be. She had heard that he had been sent from New Haven for cheating at his examinations.

"Even if I could care," she mused, "I couldn't care for any one who would do a thing like that and get caught at it!"

Chapter Second

"HOOP-EE, Miss Elise," exclaimed Auntie Chloe as she entered the boudoir of her little nursling, "is yo' raidy to ease yo' pusson into dese-yah struttin' clo'es ovah an' against de approximat'in' fumadiddles?"

"Chloe! Chloe!" admonished the hallowed child, "cease this unseemly exuberance, I beseech you!"

"Scuse me, Miss Elise," replied the old mammy, sobering instantly (although a sly twinkle remained in her eye).

Chapter Third

SEVERAL hours later, faultlessly yet modestly arrayed, Elise Dinsmore descended the broad staircase of Roselands.

"Oh, Elise," said Margaret Minton, a handsome young girl of nineteen summers, "here you are at last! Allow me to present Mr. Arval Fullish."

"How do you do, Mr. Fullish?" replied Elise.

"Please don't call me 'Mr. Fullish,'" he said, giving Elise a tender look. "My father and your father are old friends. Call me 'Arval.'" He was a forward youth, but not really vicious.

"Oh!" exclaimed Elise, recoiling with the

natural repugnance of the idea. "That would hardly be compatible with my maidenly reserve. I shall call you 'Mr. A.'"

"Delighted," replied Fullish, making a deep bow.

"And now," said Elise, "we shall start the party by having a round of what, I believe, are known as 'cock-tails.' Although," she added mischievously, "I haven't the slightest idea what's in them."

After the cocktails, Arval Fullish waggishly suggested that Elise sit on his lap. But Elise demurred, saying that it would be a great pity to ruin the crease in his new pantaloons. So it was decided that he sit on her lap.

As he took his departure at the end of the party, Arval Fullish gave Elise an unmistakably tender look.

"Shall I see you again?" he asked.

"Not unless," she replied archly, "you desist from imbibing wood alcohol."

Chapter Fourth

"LITTLE daughter," declared Mr. Dinsmore, some time later, "you have been seeing much of young Fullish. He desires the honor of making you his bride. Is it not time you gave him your reply?"

(Continued on page 27)



IN 1897

Wentworth: WHY DOES GOLF REMIND YOU OF A LADY'S CHARMS?

Gwendolyn: "AUT NULLUS ET FINI!"

Wentworth: AH, YOU WOMEN!



THE ORIGINAL FISH STORY

Jonah: OH, YES, IT WAS SOME WHALE, BUT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN THE BIG FELLOW I GOT AWAY FROM.

Just a Song at Twilight

WHAT music can be sweeter, more beautiful, more perfect than a mother's lullaby? Down through the ages, these tender songs at twilight, crooned softly by mothers, have stilled to slumber countless little children.

Picture, if you can, a toddler at a maternal knee. Dressed in his little nightie, the curly-headed cherub, weary with play, is kneeling beside his mother's chair for the evensong. The mother, her face agleam in the firelight, raises her hand. Perhaps it is toil-worn for the little one; perhaps it is soft and white and loaded with costly gems. What matter? It is a mother's hand. She lays it on those shining curls.

The kiddie looks up into her face, his own lighted with trust and devotion.

"Tell me a story, Mama," he begs, wistfully.

"I'll sing you a song to-night, dear," she replies with the fondest of smiles.

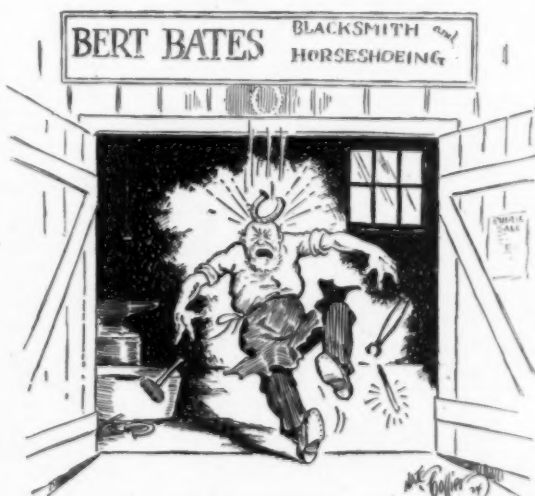
She touches a button. The Victrola, disguised as a grand-

father's clock in the corner, starts softly to play. And there, in the firelight, the eternal lullaby sounds forth:

"If I don't get the Sweetie I want,
I don't want the Sweetie I get."

Don Ryan.

ONE-HALF of the American public doesn't know how the other half lives so far from the Canadian border.



THE HORSESHOE FALLS

Your Boy's School

As You Picture It After Listening to Your Relatives and Friends

IT will be situated in the heart of a wilderness, miles from human habitation, and within twenty minutes' ride of Boston, New York and Washington.

It will give the boy complete freedom of conduct and will not require the classics, enforcing strict discipline and emphasizing Latin and Greek.

It will be thoroughly democratic and will admit none but sons of Social Register families.

It will be cheap and expensive though moderately priced and, while the buildings will be plain and bare, they will be luxurious.

McC. H.

The Day of Rest

"DID you take any exercise yesterday?"

"Nothing outside of reading the Sunday papers."

IF polygamy were fashionable, how long would the modern novel be?



Young Novelist (dictating): DARLING, ACCEPT FROM MY LIPS THE CONFESSION THAT I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU. BE MY WIFE, SHARE MY LOT, AND MAKE ME HAPPY.
Stenographer (ingenuously): IS THAT TO GO DOWN WITH THE REST?

Mrs. Pep's Diary

August 7th Lay late, reading a silly novel wherein a woman with a good home, husband and children longed to express herself in the world of affairs, a theme utterly beyond my comprehension, yet being overworked by modern writers. Nor do they solve the problem to my satisfaction, neither, forasmuch as in almost every case the abandoned husband and children begin to contract holes in their stockings and colds in their heads the minute Mother starts up the ladder of success, so that she must come home, rebellious and tearful, to defend them from such calamities. I suppose that men must work and women weep, but I had liefer shed a few tears in the privacy of my own apartments than cope with the public in any manner soever....Marge Boothby to luncheon with me, after seeing some friends off for Europe, and they had plied her with cocktayles, so that when she stopped to order a wedding present for Nan Chisholm, she laid out more than three times as much as she had planned to spend for it.

August 8th The day begun pleasantly with the arrival of a great box of flowers from Zelda Sears's garden, but, mindful of the bee
(Continued on page 31)



"I SEE HANK'S WAYWARD SON COME BACK FROM THE CITY."

"HOW DO YE KNOW?"

"JEST TAKE A LOOK AT HANK'S NEW SCARECROW."

Life Lines

THE city that gets the 1928 Democratic Convention will have to show the national committee a reliable gavel factory.

—JL

An Arizona man recently wrote 3,000 words on a postcard, but any experienced editor could have cut that down to "Wish you were here."

—JL

Among pedestrians, he laughs best who laughs fast.

—JL

In these days of wholesale raids on cabarets and roof gardens, Longfellow's hero could do a rushing business as the village locksmith.

—JL

A petrified ear has been found at Tamanend, Pa. The discoverers do not know whether it belonged to an Indian chief or a telephone operator.

—JL

The letter carriers failed to receive an increase in pay—but at least they had their hopes raised.

Valid Excuse

"ARE you following your Five Simple Rules for Keeping Cool?"
 "No, I can't make the effort. It's too hot."



AUGUST 14, 1924

VOL. 84. 2180

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
 598 Madison Avenue, New York
 English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



ON the editorial page of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Clinton Gilbert, newspaper correspondent and author of "The Mirrors of Washington," maintains in a frame a mirror which daily gives out reflections. Some of them seem considerably distorted, and especially so when the reflections concern Mr. Davis, of whom one lately found Mr. Gilbert saying that he "was nominated by the Democrats precisely because he was Mr. Morgan's lawyer." It is great clients that make great lawyers, Mr. Gilbert thinks, and he says, "The glamour of Mr. Morgan illuminates Mr. Davis, and rightly.... What really nominated him was the whisper that went around: 'He's Morgan's lawyer, getting a retainer of \$350,000 a year.' The retainer was probably exaggerated, but it made Mr. Davis a figure."

In all that, the sole semblance of truth is the suggestion that it was doubtless better politically as well as otherwise for Mr. Davis to have spent the last two years practicing law in New York, where his natural market was, than to have hid his light in Clarksburg and waited for the lightning to strike him. As for the rest, one cannot at all recognize Mr. Davis as reflected in Mr. Gilbert's mirror. It is not true that great clients make great lawyers, nor that Mr. Davis was nominated because he was Mr. Morgan's lawyer; and of course the absurd retainer story was not politically useful to Mr. Davis.

What made Mr. Davis' public reputation as a lawyer was his service as Solicitor-General. He came to New York with his reputation already made. It was a good place for him for that reason.

Two days later Mr. Gilbert discussed whether Mr. Davis can "make

a party out of the odds and ends of beliefs and emotions that are handed over by a national convention." That, he thought, was the test of a candidate, and so it is, but he did not think Mr. Davis could meet it. He did not think any great lawyer could make a party. "A lawyer," he said, "does not create. He does not beget. Like one of those special watchmen affected by Oriental potentates, he guards the harem of legal rights, property and otherwise."

Surely an extraordinary reflection on lawyers, and well adapted to make Mr. Gilbert *persona non grata* with all the Bar Associations. Who would imagine that out of thirty Presidents of the United States some twenty were lawyers?



A BOOK about Sir William Crookes came out a while ago. There were many reviews of it, usually written by persons of some scientific knowledge. Crookes, as may be known, was not only the inventor of the Crookes tube and a great physicist, but he was one of the early converts to spiritism. He experimented a great deal with mediums and he believed in the validity of the things that some of them did. Most of the reviewers of his life were flabbergasted by what seemed to them the incongruity of these two departments of Crookes' mind. They could see he was a scientist; they could follow him in that with praise and thanksgiving, but scarcely any of them knew anything about spiritism and all his belief in that looked like an evidence of mental degeneration.

In the book section of the *New York Times* for July 20 there is an amusing case of the same thing in a review by Benjamin Harrow of a book by Sir

Oliver Lodge. Mr. Harrow is most polite. He speaks of Sir Oliver not only as a first-class physicist, but as a writer on physics of great clarity of expression and exposition and a masterly manner of interpretation. He thinks his book on "Mechanics" ought to be a textbook, because it is so interesting and so easy to understand.

With the knowledge of Lodge that had come from his "Mechanics," Mr. Harrow tackled "Raymond." When he came to Sir Oliver's communication with his dead son it struck him, he said, as the stupidest stuff he had ever read. He thought the parent had gone off. But, no! When Sir Oliver wrote again on physics he wrote as well as ever. So Mr. Harrow tries to follow him in spiritism, but he makes hard work of it. Still he says, if it is true that Sir Oliver, as he believes, communicates with the dead, why, that is a great discovery; far greater than Rutherford's discovery of the nuclear structure of the atom or Einstein's theory of relativity.

Yes, so it is; but you can't hurry acceptance of it. To some minds it gets across; to others it is rubbish. But, as Mr. Harrow sees, some of the minds that accept it seem to be pretty good minds notwithstanding.



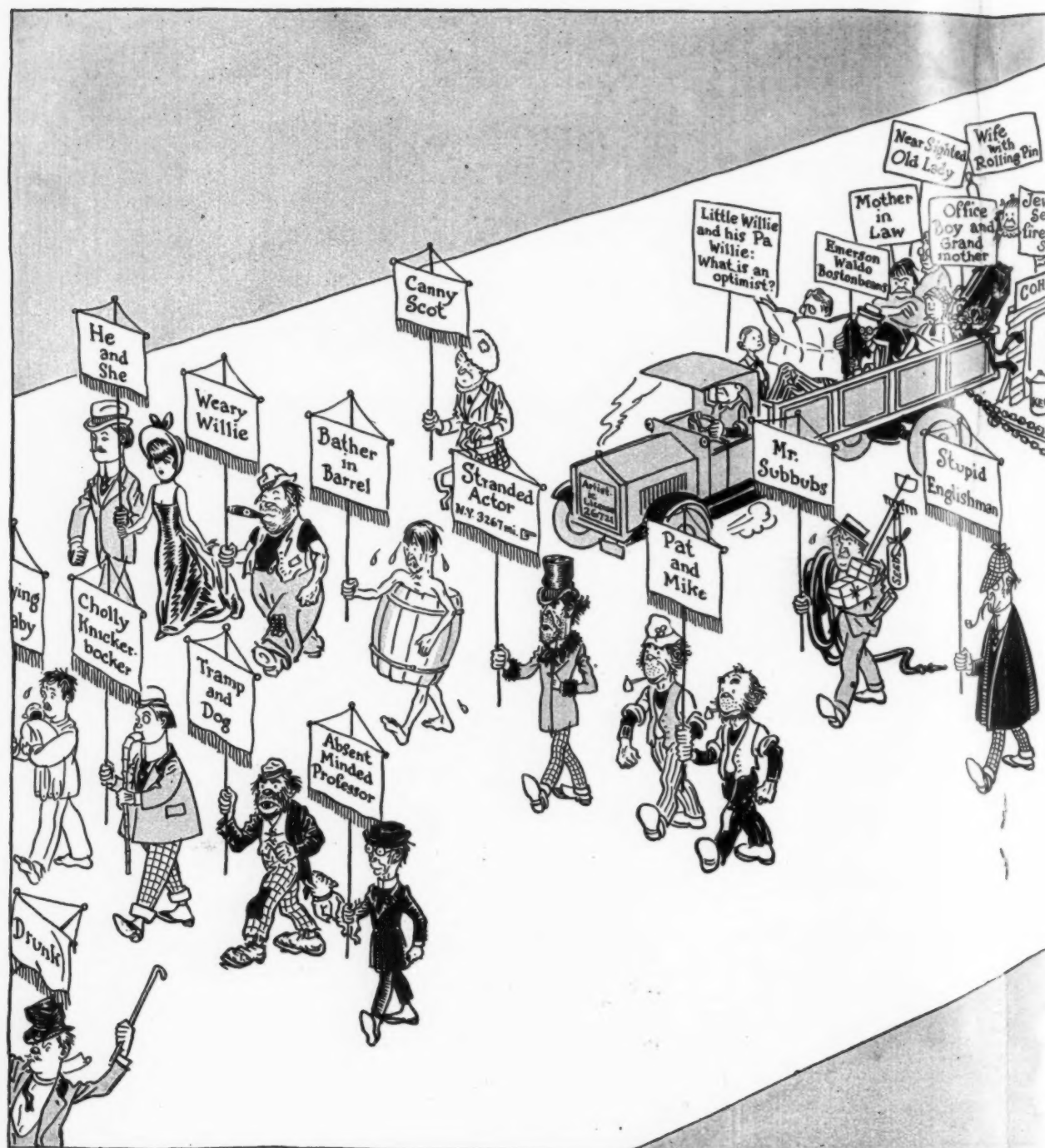
THE volume of selected editorial writings of the late Frank Cobb, which has lately been published under the title of "Cobb of the *World*," makes timely reading for a political summer. It covers, in a way, about twenty years of political history and really more than that, for Cobb's consideration of current matters often carried him into the political history that was behind them.

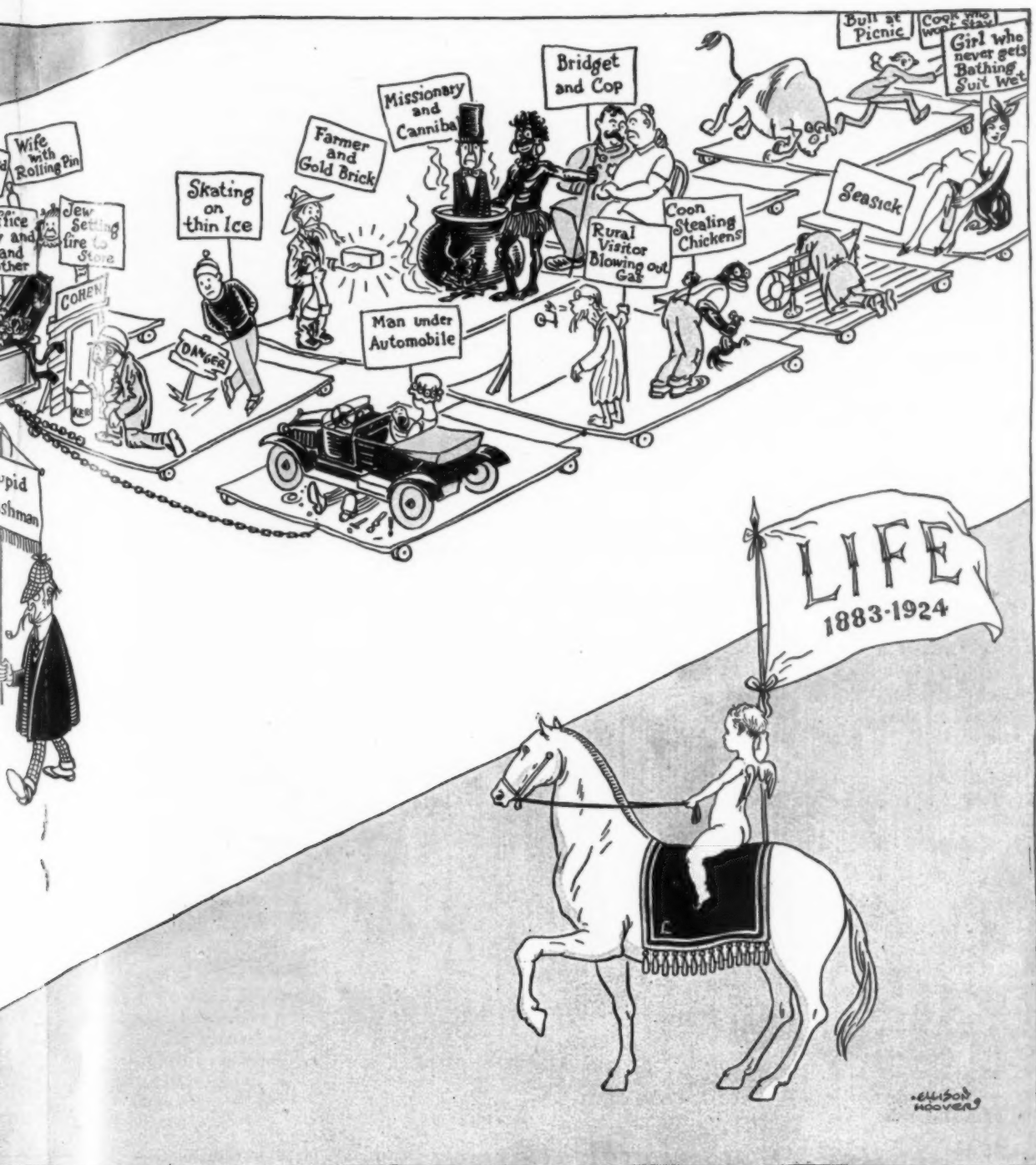
These are very interesting writings. Few collections of newspaper editorials have been successful as books. Perhaps this one will be, so important were the times it carries one through, so competent and substantial Mr. Cobb's discussion of them, and so lively the style of the writer. Such a book when it is good, and this book is good, brings back a vast deal to readers who have followed day by day in the newspapers the matters it treats of. To read such a book is one way to read history. You follow it step by step in the making.

E. S. Martin.



WINGING HOMEWARD







OLD HOME WEAK

Universal Campaign Song

(To Be Used by All Parties in 1924)

BRING the good old bugle, boys!
Look away! Look away!
California, here I come
To the fields of Hoosier hay!
'Way down upon the Suwanee River
In the Blue Ridge hills of Maine
From the orange groves of South
Dakota
Comes our glad refrain—

Chorus

Victory! Victory!
While we shout the chorus
From Topeka to the sea!
Hear the happy factories hum!
Rum for all and Down with Rum!
Banks of Wabash—
Banks of Wall
Echo now our clarion call
'Way down yonder in the land of cotton
All around the town.

Leonard Hall.

Variation 1001

THE youthful applicant for the position entered the employer's office confidently. For every question he had a smart and witty retort; the stenographer swallowed her gum through laughing, but the boss remained calm.

At last the questions and answers came to an end. The boss shook his head. "No use, young fellow," he grunted; "I've been a subscriber to *LIFE* for twenty years and I know all the answers."

He didn't get the job.

Backward

"**S**HE copies everything I wear."
"She always was old-fashioned."

• LIFE •

How It All Happened

AT the last stroke of twelve Cinderella gazed about her. Everything was changed. Her coach was a pumpkin; her prancing steeds, mice, and her flowering romance, gone-to-seed reality.

Realizing vaguely that something had gone terribly wrong, she glanced at her lowly Ingersoll (which a moment before had been a bejeweled wrist-watch) and then at the town clock high above the roofs. Woman-like, she saw her mistake too late.

* * *

"Goodness gracious, Godmother," she explained, as she resumed her

station in the chimney corner; "how was I to know that that hick town was operating under daylight-saving time?"

Every Port

SAILOR: I want a ticket to Shanghai, Singapore, Port Said, Naples, Marseilles, Liverpool, Belfast, Yokohama, Cape Town and Rotterdam.

TICKET AGENT: Why to so many places?

SAILOR: Well, you see, this is Old Home Week, the week when a fellow is supposed to go back and see his girl.



TOO OBLIGING

He: WILL YOU THINK OF ME?
She: DEARIE, I'LL THINK FOR YOU!

If Newspaper Stories Read Like Their Headlines

Senator Hits
Fish Measure

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The Senate hall was thrown into confusion to-day when Senator Wind suddenly made an unprovoked attack on the Fish Rights Bill, granting equality to all fish, as it was lying on the table.

The trouble occurred when the Senator arose to make an address relative to the Bill. In the midst of the talk he suddenly reached over and rapped the Bill squarely in the nose.

Several other members of the Senate separated the two and further trouble was averted.

"The attack was a surprise to me," the Fish Bill declared later. "I am considering swearing to a warrant charging Senator Wind with battery."

* * *

Death Strikes
Dr. A. B. Brown

WHOSISVILLE, Aug. 12.—Dr. A. B. Brown, noted physician, had a narrow escape to-day when Death ran amuck in the residence district and struck at the eminent medical man.

According to Dr. Brown's story, he was standing on a corner when Death approached and asked to be shown the way to the City Hall. The doctor pointed the way. Without a word Death struck him.

Dr. Brown defended himself with his cane. Neighbors telephoned the police and a shotgun squad was rushed to the scene to take Death into custody.

At police headquarters Death was identified as one of the Four Horsemen, and is said to be wanted in connection with recent war killings.

* * *

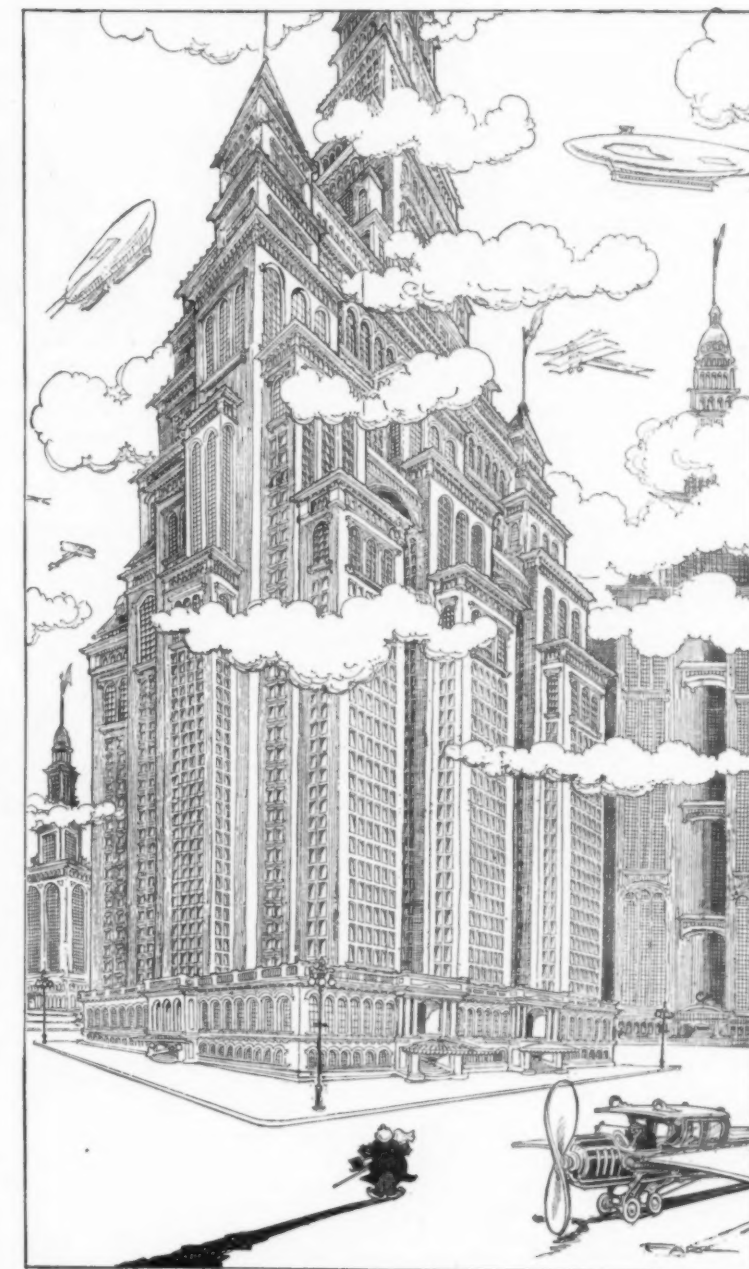
Police Comb City
For Daring Thief

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 13.—San Francisco residents were startled to-day to see several hundred police officers, all armed with small combs, going over the city's streets on their hands and knees.

When asked what the idea was, one of the men replied that they were combing the city for the burglar that had entered a local home the night before.

"We expect to have him in custody to-night," said the Chief. "If not, I shall throw out a dragnet."

It is understood the dragnet will extend



OLD HOME WEEK IN 1974

THE SENTIMENTAL MILLIONAIRE RETURNS TO VISIT THE HUMBLE HOUSE IN WHICH HE WAS BORN

tend from the Ferry to Golden Gate Park and will bring in several suspects, including the leading skyscrapers of the city, numerous automobiles and several thousand persons, as well as a few street cars.

Sherwood D. Tyrrell.

Just a Boy

FIRST FATHER: Enjoy the circus?
SECOND DITTO: No. The peanuts were rotten.

SOME people would have more in-nings if they took fewer outings.



Skippy: IF I HAD TO GO 'N' HAD ONE VERY, VERY LAST WISH BEFORE I PASSED AWAY—DO YA KNOW WHAT I'D ASK FOR?

Sooky: A CHAWKLET ACLAIR!



Skippy: NO! LISTEN, I'M KICKIN' THE BUCKET, SEE! 'N' I KIN HAVE ONE WISH GRANTED BEFORE I GO. NOW DO YA KNOW WHAT I'D ASK FOR?

Sooky: A VANILLA ACLAIR!



Skippy: NO! LISTEN! I'M GOING TO BE HUNG, SEE! 'N' THE HANGER SAYS TO ME, "WHAT'S ON YA MIND?" "OH, NOTHIN' BUT ME HAT!" I SEZ, 'N' HE COMES BACK 'N' SEZ, "YOU SEEM TO TALK LIKE A REG'LAR GUY—IS THERE ANYTHING WE KIN DO TO MAKE YA HAPPY BEFORE WE CROAK YA?" THEN HE SEZ, "YA KIN HAVE ANYTHING YA ASK FOR." WHAT DO YA THINK I'D ASK FOR?

Sooky: A CHAWKLET AND A VANILLA ACLAIR.



Skippy: THERE GOES DANNY DOWD, THE COP! HE'S A REG'LAR GUY, DON'T YA THINK—FOR A COP, I MEAN?

Sooky: I HOPE TO TELL YOU, HE'S A REG'LAR GUY!



Skippy: WHAT WAS WE TALKIN' ABOUT?
Sooky: HUH! DARNED IF I KIN THINK!



Skippy: OH, WELL! MAYBE IT'LL COME TO ME AGAIN.

Skippy

To a Boyhood Flame

SWEETHEART of long ago,
Ere I approach you now,
Tell me if yet your heart may know
Our vow.

Tell me if through the years
You have remembered still
Tenderly saying—soft, my fears!—
“I will.”

Answer me with your eyes!
Is there the old regard;
Lives on the faith that ever dies
So hard?

Is yet your loving bent
As in the morn of life?
For if it is I can't present
My wife.

James K. McGuinness.

The Radio's Influence

SOMEBODY—it may as well be you—should give serious thought to the influence of radio announcing upon the platform manners of this country. For many and decorous years platform manners have been conservative and fixed. The superintendent, or principal of the school, has arisen and said: “We will now listen to a piano solo, ‘Whispering Waves,’ by Miss Gracie Jamison.” Or, even more formally: “A recitation, ‘The Village Blacksmith,’ by Master William Henry.” Nothing more was expected of him.

But a change has come with the radio announcer. Nightly, he introduces with quip and flippancy the people on the program. And in proportion to his wit and breezy informality he is popular with his audience. He is half the show. Are superintendents and school principals presiding at “entertainments” to follow his example, to mimic his ways? Will the staid, frock-coat manner be superseded in little red—and other—schoolhouses by the easy spontaneity of the radio method? Judge for yourself. Your opinion is of value.

Instead of saying, “We will now listen to a piano solo, ‘Whispering Waves,’ by Miss Gracie Jamison,” the superintendent or principal will whirl in as follows:

“Aha and again aha, whom have we

here? As I live and breathe it's little Gracie Jamison, all dolled up in her best tib and bucker, I mean her best bib and tucker. Well, come right along here, Gracie; come right up here on the platform and do your stuff. I dare say your pa and ma down there in the audience will let you come up here if you ask them. How about it, Jamison, old scout? You've got one swell little girl there, I'll tell the world. Now folks, Gracie Jamison is going to sit on this piano stool and tickle these ivories for you. She's going to play ‘Whispering Waves’ for us, and if you never heard waves whisper before, you're going to hear 'em now. Regular waves, full of spray and things. Gracie's going to splash 'em all up and down this keyboard. I don't know but

every one of us ought to put on his rubbers. All ashore that's going ashore. Now then, Gracie, turn on the waves. Miss Gracie Jamison, folks.”

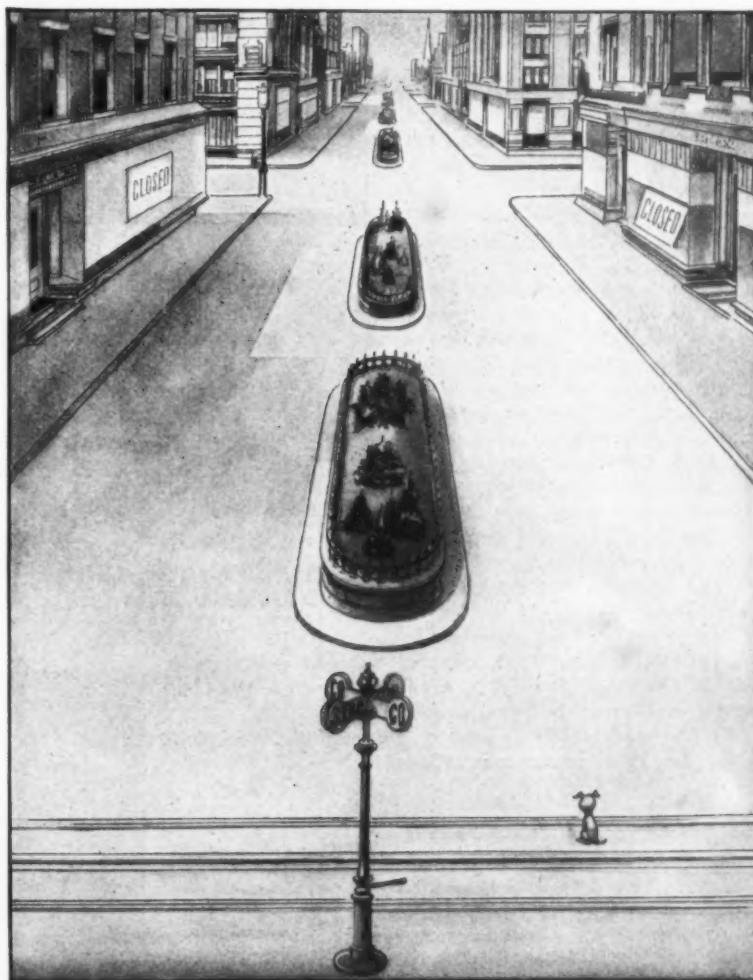
Parents favoring the new or radio method of introducing their children will signify it by saying, Aye. Contrary-minded, No. *A. H. F.*

Back Again

THE absent-minded professor carefully tied a knot in his shoe-string. “There,” said he; “that will remind me to take the darned shoe off at night.”

ETHEL: Did you learn to swim this summer?

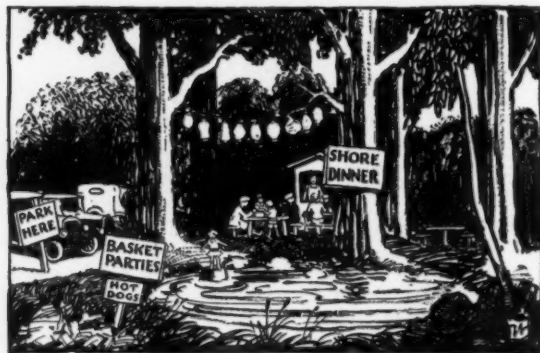
MAYBELLE: Twelve times.



THE DESERTED VILLAGE

IF EVERY ONE IN NEW YORK OBSERVED OLD HOME WEEK.

THE OLD HOME TOWN TO-DAY



THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE IS CHANGED

The Better Part

SPEAKING of seeing America first—I have never feasted my eyes on the breath-taking beauties of the Grand Canyon; but, for that matter, I have never thrown tin cans into it.

I have never gazed enraptured on the wonders of Yellowstone National Park; but, come to think, I haven't left any paper flying about there.

I have never beheld the fabulous orange groves of California; but, even so, I haven't stopped in my automobile to ravish any of them.

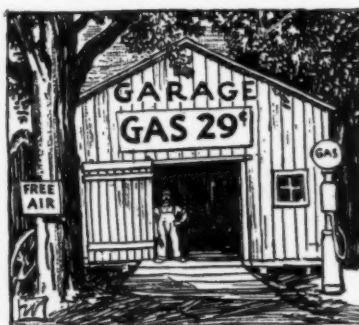
I have never ascended lofty Pike's Peak—like Elijah going into heaven; but, after all, I didn't cast out banana peels on the way up.

I have never watched with fast-beating heart the marvelous performance of the Roosevelt Dam; but, on the other hand, I didn't see how far out I could throw olives into its basin.

I have never traveled over the Lincoln Highway; but, at the same time, I have never embellished that thoroughfare with billboards advertising myself and my products.

I have never realized every movie fan's ambition to explore the romantic wilderness of the great Canadian Northwest; but, if I do say it, no forest fire was ever started there through my carelessness.

They say travel broadens a man. I've come to the conclusion that you can do worse than stay at home.



AND SO IS THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S



AND THE HAUNTED HOUSE—

The Irresistible Force

THE Mayor of Chicago has been so impressed by the suave manners of the New York police that he has proclaimed a new rule directing the Chicago policemen to be polite. "We cannot let New York get ahead of us," he is quoted as saying, "even if we have to send every cop to a finishing school."

The following suggestions, then, are in order:

When directing traffic. "Sir, will you please get the h— out of the gutter and up on the curb?"

Before using a nightstick on a burglar. "Pardon me, will you have one or two lumps for your coco?"

To an infringing motorist. "If you're not doing anything to-morrow morning, around half-past eight, me and the judge would be awfully happy to see you."

To a couple of sneak thieves. "Just a minute, boys, I'll call the wagon, and give you a lift with the swag."

H. W. H.

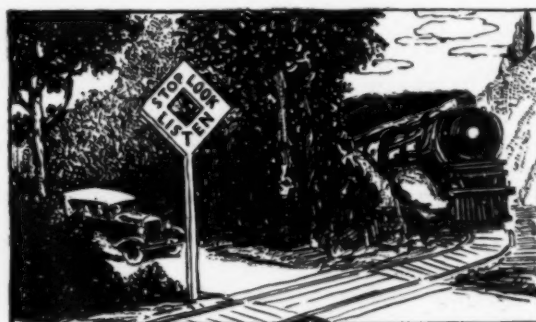
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Mrs. Robert M. Dixon, East Orange, N. J.	11.00
Dunlevy Milbank, New York.....	25.00

(Continued on page 29)



BUT THE OLD GRADE CROSSING IS JUST THE SAME

Unabridged

A. B. SEE: How did Webster ever compile the dictionary?
Q. E. DEE: Whenever he and his wife had a quarrel one word led to another.

ADVICE to Women—The way to interest a man in yourself is to get him to talk about himself.

Advice to Men—Don't, don't, don't talk about yourself.

Edmund J. Kiefer.



SOME THOUGHTS FOR OLD HOME WEEK

Truth Crushed to Press—

WHEN J. Fishooks Fenwick, Boobville's most famous son, returned to his native town for Old Home Week, the Boobville *Weekly Disaster* suddenly experienced a rush of blood to the head and reported the festivities as follows:

LOCAL BOY'S RISE HAILED AS FLUKE

Old Residents Admit They Expected Millionaire Fenwick to End in Jail

J. FISHOOKS FENWICK, multimillionaire manufacturer and two-bit philanthropist, needs no introduction to Boobville folk, although one might think otherwise after seeing him giving his old friends the absent-minded treatment. Despite his gifts to the community of an eight-ton statue of himself, a four-ton statue of his father, a two-ton statue of his grandfather and several other atrocities, he remains to the Old Folks just a big, ugly bully, whose success in life is the last thing they ever looked for.

On the occasion of Mr. Fenwick's return for Old Home Week, the *Weekly Disaster* gathered from leading residents expressions of their opinion.

"He was always a surly, unruly boy; one of the most stupid I ever encountered," said Miss Priscilla Boneface, his former teacher. "I am frank to admit I favored sending him to a school for

mental defectives. So far as I am concerned, that still goes."

Grocer Higgins, who gave the multimillionaire his first job, was equally outspoken.

"I fired Fenwick after a week's work because he couldn't tell a case of eggs from a cauliflower," he observed. "How he ever got by is a mystery to me."

"I would just as soon have bet my old bay mare could beat Man o' War in a mile race as say Fishooks Fenwick would not be hung before he was thirty," was what Constable Hewhead

had to add. "I never expected him to rise any higher than trusty in the State Prison."

Mr. Fenwick himself came to the office of the *Weekly Disaster* and insisted upon having a statement printed.

"You can say for me," it read, "that I would rather be anywhere than in Boobville. I hate the place. Even if I had no business interests to keep me away, I would never come here if it were not for my fearful vanity. This is the only town on the face of the earth whose people are such sycophants as to allow me to erect a statue of myself in the public square."

A good time was had by all.

James K. McGuinness.

Quatrain

LOVE should be young,
Wine old,
Love warm,
Wine cold.

Company

VISITOR AT THE ZOO: I understand fifteen thousand people come here every week.

KEEPER: Yes, sir; and you can't imagine how it cheers the animals up.

THERE'S nothing more lonely than a summer resort in winter, unless it's a summer resort in summer.



TOP OF THE MORNING



"The Signal Tower"

FOR several years a movie critic named James O. Spearing hampered away persistently in the columns of the *New York Times* on a word of his own minting—"cinematography." It was a long word and therefore meaningless to most of the film gentry; but Mr. Spearing knew what he was talking about, and he continued to talk until one day who should walk into his office but Carl Laemmle with a job.

"Come out to Universal City," said Mr. Laemmle, "and put some of this, now, cinematography into our Super-Jewels." *

So Mr. Spearing went to California—and the first product of his alert mind has arrived in the form of a railroad melodrama entitled, "The Signal Tower." Nor can any one see "The Signal Tower" without knowing that, by "cinematography," James Spearing simply meant the intelligent expression of drama in pictures rather than in words.

"THE SIGNAL TOWER" is unquestionably the best thriller of the year: it is firmly knit in its texture; it is acted with vigor and sincerity by Wallace Beery, Rockliffe Fellowes and Virginia Valli, and, by means of expert lighting, it manages to achieve great pictorial effectiveness.

The story which Mr. Spearing was called upon to translate to the screen was a routine affair—about a loyal telegrapher who had to avert a serious train wreck while his wife was being attacked in their home; but he has proved that the basic plot is relatively insignificant as compared with the treatment, an axiom familiar enough in the spoken drama but not too well known to movie producers.

I advise you to see "The Signal

Tower," as entertainment and as food for thought. It indicates that another brain has been added to the diminutive (in that respect) population of Hollywood.

"The Side Show of Life"

THERE is, regrettably, little to recommend in "The Side Show of Life"—an adaptation of William J. Locke's fine novel, "The Mountebank." All the quality, all the flavor, all the feeling of the book have been lost.

The story, which was entirely credible as Locke told it, becomes absurdly improbable on the screen. The spectator can't bring himself to believe that a circus clown could rise to the rank of Brigadier-General in the British Army, or, having done so, could return after the war to his clowning.

Director Herbert Brenon has staged some of the circus scenes skilfully and picturesquely, but his work is generally uninspired. He has slapped his elements together in a careless manner, displaying none of the delicacy which a story of this nature demands. Ernest Torrence, as the tall clown, gives the most inept performance of his career and permits a newcomer, Louise Lagrange, to run away with the picture even as he ran away with "The Covered Wagon."

Take That!

MY remarks uttered in this department some weeks ago, concerning the futility of the various Better Films Committees, have earned for me more letters of protest than Rupert Hughes himself could write in ten years. Many of them are intelligent and convincing, and punctuated with points well taken.

As the text of my sermon was a concrete evidence of stupidity offered by the Better Films Committee of Berke-

ley, Calif., the most important of the letters is one from Mary Mills West, a former member of that organization. Mrs. West successfully applies the coals of fire by accepting my comments in a depressingly good spirit. She says, in part, "First, and least important perhaps, we always pay for our own tickets.... Second, this committee is decidedly not composed of women who need occupation for 'idle hours.' It is a representative body, made up of appointed members of many clubs and organizations hereabouts, and instead of being the idle and frivolous set you suggest, they are, in a large measure, the women who are doing this in addition to the care of homes and families, and much useful work in the community through clubs, churches, etc., etc.... Third, as to breaking into print, the Berkeley Better Films Committee includes women who are not unused to seeing their names attached to writings in magazines even more conspicuously literary and worth while than LIFE, itself. (That's nasty, but you deserve it.) Fourth,... we are American citizens, and as such have the right (theoretically, at least) to the free expression of opinion about our own concerns, as have you, and all other critics."

I REGRET that I can't publish more of these letters, particularly one from Wilton A. Barrett of the National Board of Review (Mr. Barrett supplied me with a clear outline of the purpose which animates the Better Films Committees, and made a sensible plea for tolerance); but here is the end of the page, and beyond that I am not permitted to venture.

Nevertheless, in spite of the chastening to which I have been subjected, I still think that I was right.

Robert E. Sherwood.



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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Good Old Times

The past ten years have brought about a great change in the "street-hawking business." A Piccadilly flower-seller was heard to remark: "Naow, dearic; ev'ryfing 'as altered and nobody wants to buy flars like they did in them free-war d'ys."—*London Daily Express.*

Home News

TENEMENT NEIGHBOR (*with newspaper*): You'd never believe, Mrs. Foley, some of the scandalous goings-on right here in this very City of New York.

—*New York World.*

"MRS. BLANK is a fine talker, isn't she?"

"One of the best I ever escaped from."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A BIRD at the Zoo has a cry which drowns the sound of a jazz band. We must go and feed it.—*Punch.*



CHAPERONAGE

"AND DO THEY LET YOU COME HERE ALONE AT NIGHT, MY DEAR?"

"OH, NO! MY SISTER ALWAYS LOOKS AFTER ME."

"AND WHO LOOKS AFTER YOUR SISTER?"

"WHAT A QUESTION! I DO."

—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

They Were Impressed

A young man and a girl emerged from the marriage license office.

"They have taken a very important step," suggested a benevolent bystander. The pair paused.

"Doubtless they realize that," said another bystander. "Watch them."

The girl fixed her face while the young man lit a cigarette.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Matrimonial Olympics

The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.

"Are you the groom?" he asked a melancholy-looking young man.

"No, sir," the young man replied. "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-outs."—*Anthony (Kan.) Republican.*

DEAR OLD ENGLISH LADY (*to American guest*): Now, you see, I've got you in a big supply of non-intoxicants so that you'll feel quite at home.

—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

"JENKS has an artistic temperament."

"I shouldn't trust him, either."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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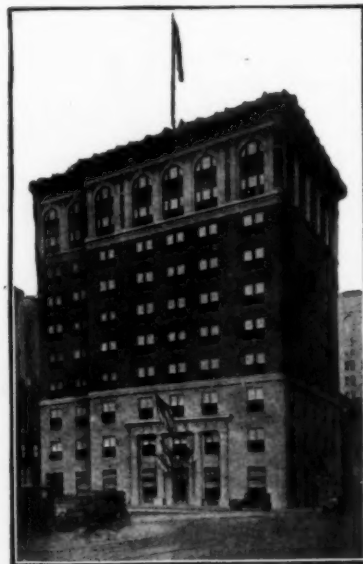
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Elise Dinsmore's Flaming Youth

(Continued from page 10)

"Oh, dearest Papa," replied Elise, "I know it is your wish to unite the Dinsmores and Fullishes in holy matrimony, and I am quite willing to consent. Mr. A.'s gentlemanly instincts have my complete approval."

"Then fly to it, my own," said Mr. Dinsmore, who was occasionally given to improper language. (Though not very often, to be sure.)

That afternoon, the two young sweethearts sat, quite unchaperoned, at opposite ends of the huge parlor at Rosebuds.

"Miss Dinsmore—Miss Elise," began Arval Fullish in a voice that trembled slightly from his pent emotion, "though I am well aware that you are far above me in character, I must confess that I harbor a deep affection for you. My consuming hope is that you afford me the exquisite dignification of becoming Mrs. Fullish—my Mrs. Fullish, if I may make so free."

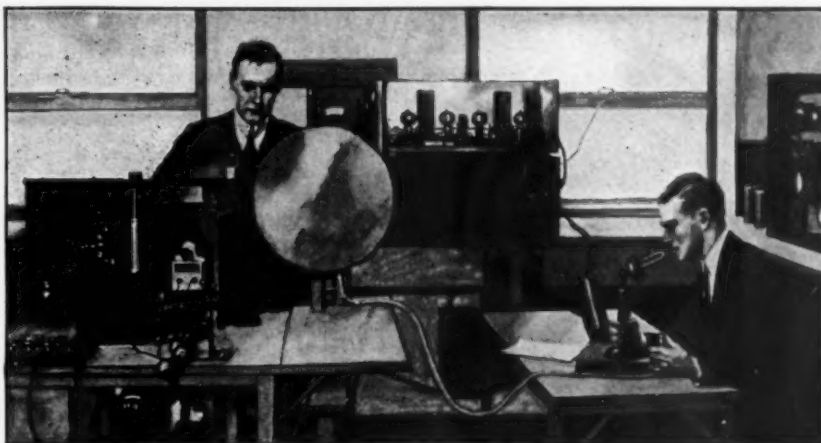
"Oh, Mr. A.," replied the child, "I ... I ... I am, you may be sure, not averse to you. But have you considered the seriousness of this step? Have you well examined the meaning of the nuptial vow?"

"I have! I have! And I have also renounced the wilful ways of my evil youth. With your guidance and direction, I shall always endeavor to do nothing but that which will command your admiration and respect. I beseech you, will you not say the word to make me the happiest of mortal men?"

"Mr. Fullish, I am deeply moved by your obvious sincerity. Under the circumstances, I cannot, in honesty to my own feelings, refuse. Mr. Fullish—Mr. A.—I ... I consent!"

"The heavens be praised!" declared Arval Fullish, piously.

"And now," suggested Elise Dinsmore, blushing to the roots of her hair, "I believe it is quite proper for you to—to salute me."



In the Bell System laboratories speech sounds are recorded on the oscillograph with a view to their subsequent analysis

The service of knowledge

The youthful Alexander Graham Bell, in 1875, was explaining one of his experiments to the American scientist, Joseph Henry. He expressed the belief that he did not have the necessary electrical knowledge to develop it.

"Get it," was the laconic advice.

During this search for knowledge came the discovery that was to be of such incalculable value to mankind.

The search for knowledge in whatever field it might lie has made possible America's supremacy in the art of the telephone.

Many times, in making a national telephone service a reality, this centralized search for knowledge has overcome engineering difficulties and removed scientific limitations that threatened to hamper the development of speech transmission. It is still making available for all the Bell companies inventions and improvements in every type of telephone mechanism.

This service of the parent company to its associates, as well as the advice and assistance given in operating, financial and legal matters, enables each company in the Bell System to render a telephone service infinitely cheaper and better than it could as an unrelated local unit.

This service of the parent company has saved hundreds of millions of dollars in first cost of Bell System telephone plant and tens of millions in annual operating expense—of which the public is enjoying the benefits.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

"Miss Elise!" exclaimed the boy. "You do me, indeed, too much honor." And his hot young lips reverently sealed a bond of purest love upon her virginal neck.

Handy Inventions Not Yet Invented

AN alternating-current electric fan that spins around the other way half the time and acts as a vacuum cleaner.

A Hebrew typewriter, writing from right to left.

A non-stoppable express train that will crash right over hero or heroine, preferably both, and so render the last five minutes of the film unnecessary.

A triplex automobile mirror that will show the car in the rear to the driver, the need of powder and rouge to the flapper on the back seat, and What's Going on Back There to the chaperon in front. W. L. W.

LITTLE WILLIE (in a subway train): Mother, why are all the straps reserved for the ladies?



Now to the
Barber for a

1-2-3-4
*Boncilla
Facial*

GET what's coming to you, today. Just settle down in Mr. Barber's chair and murmur, "Boncilla Facial." Then let loose. Relax every muscle and stage a triumphant "come back."

The partnership of Boncilla and Barber will throw several of your years into the discard. They'll fill you with the well-known "V's"—vim, vigor and verve. They'll make a new man out o' you.

Like a congressional investigation, Boncilla goes deep—and it brings out the clinkers that obstruct. It puts new life into blood vessels that have been loafers for years. It irons out the wrinkles. It puts the old face back in the youth class.

Oh, it's 1-2-3-4 for fagged faces. Count 'em as they come—first, the Boncilla Pack. Then the Cold Cream. Next, Vanishing Cream. And the big finish—Boncilla Powder.

And then march right out to the nearest toilet goods counter and get a Boncilla Set for "her" who awaits your coming. The Pack-O-Beauty is 50c, or if she's your ideal, take her the No. 37 Ideal Set—full size packages in a gift box.

Boncilla Laboratories, Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana
Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



All Through a Dream

Rawlinson felt that the warning was no longer to be unheeded. Three times he had dreamt that somewhere concealed in his flat was a quantity of valuable silver.

"You are right, John," said Mrs. Rawlinson; "we must hunt for it."

That night they spent a considerable time in knocking the walls to find a hollow place. At last they hit upon it, and after some artistic manipulation of a chisel and a coke-hammer, Rawlinson succeeded in dislodging some bricks. There, hidden on the other side, lay the realization of his dreams. Valuable silver plate—only waiting for them to take it!

But just as they were considering how they should spend the money it would realize, there came a furious ring, and their next-door neighbor bounced in.

"What the deuce do you mean by breaking into my dining-room cupboard?" he gasped.—*Tit-Bits* (London).

Old Home Week

(Our Own Little Vaudeville)

MIKE: Who was that lady I seen ya walkin' with the other night?

IKE: Sure, a fireman wears red suspenders to keep his pants up.

MIKE: That's right. Now, tell me, why does a chicken cross the road?

IKE: That's easy. That wasn't no lady; that was my wife.

MIKE: Haw, haw, haw! That's a good one. Say, listen; betcha can't tell me why a fireman wears red suspenders.

IKE: G'wan! To get to the other side, that's why!—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co. Baltimore, Md.

The Gentleman Farmer

"Farm products cost more than they used to."

"Yes," replied the farmer. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raisin', an' the entomological name of the insect that eats it, an' the pharmaceutical name of the chemical that will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

—*Anderson* (N. C.) *Intelligencer*.

Obsolete

AIKEN: One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

PAINE: Huh! That's an old saying that came into use before the time of telephones, flivvers, single-standard barbershops, senatorial investigations and radio.—*Youngstown Telegram*.

SMITH, being introduced to golf for the first time, had hit the ball a terrific whack and sent it half a mile.

"Now, where do I run to?" he cried excitedly.—*Toronto Telegram*.

It can't get lost It can't get lost

You'll like it!

This is
the new
Hinge-Cap on
Williams
Shaving Cream



It can't get lost It can't get lost

Taking It Off

(On reading that women are losing the kissing habit)

Corinna greeteth with a smile

Her intimates and friends,

Her lips to no embrace's guile

The glorious goddess lends.

'Tis not that she is light and coy,

Nor hath she grown austere,

But lately, neither girl nor boy

May venture overnear;

Her lady friends did sometime scoff,

But now 'tis understood

Corinna's kisses don't come off,

For if they did, they would!

—*A. W., in London Daily Chronicle*.

Where Was the Haggis?

One lot included in a railway lost property sale consisted of thirty-three bottles of whisky, one bottle of port and a bag of oatmeal. It is presumed that a Scottish picnic party had mislaid its provisions.—*London Opinion*.



GARTER
For CROOKED LEGS
(PATENTED)
Makes trousers hang straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self-adjustable
It holds
Socks Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Circular—Flat Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 28 South Bend, Indiana

Smarting skin
AFTER SHAVING
relieved by massaging
with cooling, antiseptic
Mentholum
Write for free sample
Mentholum Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Wichita, Kans.

"Mum"
is the word!



Girls! Guard your daintiness

Girls who value their personal attractiveness realize that they dare not risk even the *suspicion* of an unpleasant body odor—whether from perspiration or other cause.

"Mum" is the word!

Just a touch of "Mum", the snow-white cream deodorant, here and there, prevents all body odors.

"Mum" is safe. Careful women use it regularly with the sanitary napkin.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at all stores. Or see Special Offer.

Special Offer

\$1.25 worth for \$1 postpaid—25c "Mum," 25c "Amoray" Talc, the Powder Perfume richly fragranced, and 75c Evans's Depilatory Outfit, the quick, safe way of removing hair. Or "Mum" and "Amoray," 50c worth for 40c postpaid. Give dealer's name and address.

Mum Mfg. Co.
1108 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia



The Cross Word Puzzle Craze

"Do you take this woman for your four-letter word meaning spouse?"

"To be, or not to be—that is the eight-letter word signifying interrogation."

"We have come to bury Caesar, not to six-letter word meaning laud him."

"Three-letter word for Deity two-letter part of to be four-letter word for affection."

THERE are three classes of people—personages, persons, and folks.



Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations



HANDS UP!

Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAY POST-MAN \$1.79** on delivery plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

PAT. PENDING
PATFINDER CO., Dep. 1119 634 Sixth Ave., N.Y.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 22)

"Friends," Philadelphia.....	\$20.00
Mrs. John Markle, New York.....	5.00
Mrs. E. S. Heller, San Francisco.	5.00
Mrs. R. L. Huntzinger, Greenwich, Conn.	200.00
Henry S. Redmond, New York.....	11.00
S. Grace Fraser, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Elleford, Phoenix, Ariz.	5.00
S. J. L., Philadelphia.....	1.00
Millicent Comfort, Tarrytown, N. Y.	11.00
Mary S. Hyatt, Kingston, N. Y.	11.00
In memory of James N. Dickey, June 19, 1918, Newburgh, N. Y.	11.00
Mrs. Converse Strong, Santa Barbara, Calif.	50.00
Mrs. Roger Gooden, Los Angeles.	5.00
S. M. M., Seattle, Wash.	12.00
"X," Nantucket, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Philip L. Spalding, Milton, Mass.	10.00
James L. Thompson, Hartford....	25.00
Mrs. C. H. Alvord, Torrington, Conn.	25.00
Dr. Edw. C. Briggs, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. T. Gaillard Thomas, Southampton, N. Y.	10.00
Oliver C. Williams, Cincinnati, O.	5.00
Mrs. Joseph L. Frost, Lawrence, Mass.	11.00
Irene F. Tripp, Chicago, Ill.	5.00
A. Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., New York	30.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Belknap, Sacramento, Calif.	10.00
Hazel Purcell, Alliance, O.	25.00
Miss E. D. Brower, Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
J. J. Gilbert, Washington, D. C.	10.00
Proceeds of a sale held by the following children of Binghamton, N. Y.—Jane Sprout, Lucille Worthing, Emily Irving, Barbara Mills, Vivian Payne, Alice Davis, Janet Smith, Ruth Hutchins, Priscilla Whipple, Annette Lacey, Margaret Swayze and Dorothy Gabriel	14.50
J. H. Brown, West Newton, Mass.	12.00
F. P. Warren, New York.....	25.00
Mrs. James I. Bush, New York.....	10.00
Scheck Adv. Agency, Newark, N. J.	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wilks, New Bedford, Mass.	1.00
Lena W. Barrus, New York.....	10.00
In memory of D. H. W., Shrewsbury, N. J.	25.00
June B. Nelson, New York.....	11.00
Mrs. M. Peckham, San Diego....	15.00
Mrs. W. W. Wilcox, Middletown, Conn.	20.00
"W. H. M." Suffern, N. Y.	11.00
Emily F. McCormick, New York....	22.00
R. S. MacCormack, Brooklyn, N. Y.	11.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Longstreth, Haverford, Pa.	5.00
"Anonymous," Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
Jno. M. Jamison, Jr., Greensburg, Pa.	10.00
Ernestine Pattison, Cincinnati, O.	5.00
"In memory of Holmes Houston," South Bend, Ind.	5.00
Bayard Verplanck, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.	10.00
A. C. Gratz, Great Neck, N. Y.	11.00
Mabel M. Sims, Montclair, N. J.	11.00
B. B. Schneider, Jr., South Orange, N. J.	10.00
Alice Graeme, York Harbor, Me.	5.00
M. B. McD., Sharon, Pa.	10.00
Anna M. Igoe, New York.....	11.00
I. M. S., New York.....	10.00
Mrs. John Markle, New York.....	11.00
Martha E. Crossman, Philadelphia.	11.00
A. W. Geddes, Hartsdale, N. Y.	5.00
Mrs. F. Edmunds, Washington, D. C.	11.00
M. McC., Raton, N. Mex.	2.00
Helen M. Bowers, Boise, Idaho....	5.00
Mrs. Dwight B. Heard, Phoenix, Ariz.	10.00
Mrs. Arthur B. Newhall, Belmont, Mass.	11.00
In memory of Helena, Wallingford, Conn.	50.00
Edmund Young, Poughkeepsie....	5.00
Florence C. Bicknell, Malden, Mass.	5.00
"Cash," Burlington, Vt.	50.00
Mrs. C. Gordon Knox, Morristown, N. J.	12.00
Brackett H. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.	11.00
Halford R. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.	11.00
Donald R. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.	11.00
Charles N. Clark, Miami Beach, Fla.	5.00
Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley, New York	10.00
Frederick G. Lieb, Yonkers, N. Y.	5.00
Jerome O. Eddy, Pasadena, Calif.	10.00
F. S. Haslett, Ft. Plain, N. Y.	10.00
Arthur L. Howland, Philadelphia..	11.00
"In memory of Ann Elizabeth," Mt. Airy, Pa.	11.00
J. C. G., Wheeling, W. Va.	10.00
Total.....	\$12,634.36

Is this cigarette a phenomenon?

When we first put out the Reedsdale we did so with a fair degree of modesty. We didn't claim the Reedsdale to be the "best" cigarette. We merely suggested that, if you were not entirely satisfied with your present brand, you might like Reedsdales better.

We knew that the Reedsdale blend was different, that it contained the choicer varieties of tobacco, combined by an expert. We knew that the blend adopted was unanimously chosen by a trial jury of connoisseurs.



We expected a good reception for the Reedsdale from discriminating, sophisticated smokers, but we did not

know what percentage of the whole such smokers might prove to be.

When the returns began coming in, these returns were not of the trial cartons that smokers had the privilege of sending back for refund if they so desired. At least, less than one-third of one per cent were.

The remaining ninety-nine and two-thirds per cent of those who tried the Reedsdale kept the entire carton of 100 cigarettes paid in full. And the returns were reorders, letters of commendation, orders for other cartons to be sent to friends.

"Phenomenon" is a large word, and we try to avoid bombast. But isn't there something phenomenal in getting a 99% favorable vote on a new cigarette from smokers scattered throughout the entire United States, from coast to coast, and from Canada to Mexico?

II II

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 120 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.



Frank's 50th Anniversary Cruise de Luxe TO THE Mediterranean

(Limited to 400 Guests—Less than Half Capacity)
By Magnificent New

Cunard S. S. "SCYTHIA"

(Built 1921) Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons; Sailing Jan. 29, 1925—66 Days.

This Cruise, celebrating our Golden Jubilee, we plan to feature above all other Cruises, even surpassing our previous successful Cruises by the same steamer.

EGYPT—PALESTINE

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England.

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious state-rooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line steamer.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request. Early reservation insures choice of location.

Also European Tours

FRANK TOURIST CO.

542 Fifth Avenue, New York

219 So. 15th St., Philadelphia 582 Market St., San Francisco
Est. 1875 Paris Cairo London



"SAY, BUDDY, LEMME ASK YER, DOES IT MAKE YEZ
NOIVOUS T' HAVE A GUY WATCH YEZ WOIK?"



Mr. Sydney Chaplin (right) of Hollywood, Cal., and friend

Galloping Fish

THE picture which is reproduced above represents the result of several hours' hard labor by Sydney Chaplin, "Freddie" (a well-trained seal), one camera man, two stage hands, one director and eight press agents.

What, you may well ask, was the object of all this effort?

Obviously, the various press agents wanted to achieve a picture of a seal laughing at a copy of LIFE. Portraits of film stars perusing "their favorite literature" never fail to gain free advertising; this is the oldest known form of publicity stunt.

In this case, the semblance of merriment on the seal's countenance was achieved by a stage hand who stood out of range of the camera and held aloft a fish. The seal, therefore, is looking at the fish, and not at LIFE.

However, it is a good effect.

* * *

Just so that this space won't be entirely devoted to Sydney Chaplin, we call your attention to the fact that he is holding a copy of our recent Travel Number—which proved an enormous success in Hollywood, and everywhere else.

There are other good numbers coming: The Feminine Number (August 28), and following that the Chicago, Collectors' and Political Numbers.

The best way to obtain them all, and six others besides, is to OBEY THAT IMPULSE and subscribe NOW. Any seal will tell you that.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).
Send LIFE for ten weeks to

345-B

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City
One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

which flew out of some peonies sent me from the country last summer, I did transfer the pleasure of opening it to my servant Emilie. This done, she did persuade me to submit to a shampoo which proved a tedious business, forasmuch as the patent drier broke the minute she turned it on, and albeit she declared that the merest twist would put it right, neither of us could effect it. Lord! I am no good soever at manual mechanics, being barely able to negotiate the striking of a match. My husband, poor wretch, came in whilst the water wave combs were in my hair, and demanded again why it was, when I had laid out so much time and money for a permanent ondulation, that I should be having one of another description. But I managed to get him on a different topic without answering, there being some matters which it is futile to expound to the masculine mind.

August 9th Sam at home all this day, and I did hear him shortly after the break of it interviewing the bootlegger, talking much of labels, and reminding him of what the Bible says about putting new wine into old bottles. My fears that he was sampling various spirits were justified

The cure heightens your enjoyment of summer sports —at Virginia Hot Springs



Ranking with the most famous European spas—these radioactive waters have cured and re-invigorated since Colonial days.

The HOMESTEAD
Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr.
Hot Springs Virginia

Special summer rates on request

Apply with
the finger tips



Shave with ease
and smoothness



For Shaving without Brush or Lather

Take Mollé on Your Vacation

MOLLÉ is great for vacation trips—touring, camping, hunting, fishing.

No brush, lotions or talcum to bother with—just MOLLÉ and your favorite razor.

Any kind of clear water or a smooth, refreshing shave without water if need be.

A soothing, cooling, healing shave each day for your sunburned, wind-sore face.

Nothing Like It!

A whale of a tube for 50c at druggists, a generous sample by mail for 10c

PRYDE-WYNN CO., NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

Lay Your Old Brush Away and Shave with MOLLÉ

later when Lydia Loomis came in and he began haranguing her about the fourth dimension. Lydia, the zany, comprehending naught and having only one argument when out beyond her mental depth, did ask, What would our grandmothers have thought of such talk? Whereupon Sam bawled, Madam, in spite of whatever pleasant memories are evoked by the garnet earrings and old lace they left us, there is no denying the fact that our grandmothers were ignorant women! Before he could go further, I happily bethought me of his fondness for cold veal loaf and sent him to commission Katie to make one....The Everetts for dinner and bridge this night, he so subservient to her every whim that upon their departure Sam vouchsafed his conviction that she knows where the body is hid.

Baird Leonard.

Words, Words

FOR light on the Democratic and Republican national platforms we turn in respectful anticipation to the newly organized Cross Word Puzzle Association of America.

Tire-Changing Thinking

ROADSIDE wit is, after all, the test of friendship. One should not get in too deep with people until one has had a blow-out with them.

The extra man in the car may be silent for a hundred miles, but he always has plenty to say about the right way to jack-up somebody else's machine.

The passengers can trample forty acres while the host is hunting for a lost wrench, or tinkering with a demountable rim, but they never run into any poison ivy. That's always in the spot where the bedraggled owner sits down at the picnic supper.

McC. H.

5th AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

From N. Y., Jan. 20th, westward, by specially chartered new Cunard-Anchor "California," 17,000 tons, oil-burning, 4 mcs. \$1250 up, including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Stop overs in Europe. Option 18 days in India, Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Europe, etc. 21st MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Jan. 31, specially chartered new Cunard-Anchor "Leconte," oil-burning, 20,000 tons, 22 days, \$800 up, including drives, guides, hotels, fees. 17 days Palestine and Egypt. 400 to 700 passengers expected on each cruise.

FRANK C. CLARK

Times Building

NEW YORK



HAY FEVER LOGIC If pollen acts
fire why not keep pollen out? Tiny Nasal-
filter—also breathing—comfortable—
hardly noticeable—it's being done.

Postpaid \$1.00

NASALFILTER CO., Dept. L, Saint Paul, Minn.

AN EXTRA MEASURE OF SERVICE



POLICY

POLICY is the body of principles which guide the conduct of the organization. Every business concern has a policy because even no policy is a policy.

In this institution the policy is definite and pronounced. It calls always for constructive financial service to American business. In war or peace, in storm or calm, there has been no departure from that policy.

Five thousand customer banks and many thousand individual customers attest it. It is one of the striking components of the *extra measure of service* normal to these banks.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

RESOURCES MORE THAN 500 MILLIONS



A BORED WALK

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY
and
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill
fleas, cure scratching, mange, dis-
temper. Gives twenty-five famous



Q-W DOG REMEDIES
and 150 illustrations of dogs, leads, training collars,
harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey

Every Little Nation Has a Manner All Its Own

A FRENCHMAN, an American, an Englishman and a German were walking down a street in Paris one sleety winter's day. The Frenchman called the attention of his comrades to a pretty grisette at the crossing. So decidedly pretty was she that all four failed to notice a slippery place on the pavement, left uncleared by a careless restaurant proprietor.

Down went the quartette.

The Frenchman sprang up lightly and, oblivious of the damp spot he was carrying behind him, hurried after the pretty girl; the American leaped up, dashed into the restaurant and proceeded to punch the noses of the proprietor, the cook, the cashier and three of the waiters for neglecting to keep the sidewalk cleared, and thus endangering the lives of the passers-by; the Englishman got up slowly, limped to his hotel and wrote a letter filled with indignation and quotations from Tennyson to *The Times*; while the German remained seated on the pavement and, taking out a note-book, began immediately to plan a four-volume dissertation on the Effects on an Anatomy Which Contact with a Should-have-been - beforehand - cleaned-off-superimposed-with-ice-pavement Incurs.

B. B.

WYKHOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

How It Started

WHILE on his vacation in Yellowstone Park, Horatius Van Piffle, out seeking a lark, Unluckily came to a hot water well; And as he peered in it he stumbled and fell. But his ultimate words before passing away Have lived in our language to this very day: "I'm drowning," he murmured, "and death won't be sweet. Don't get the idea that I died of the heat. To think that the cause should be utter stupidity— It isn't the heat I mind; it's the humidity."

Carroll.

Still to Come

MANY improvements are noted in sports model automobiles, but a fortune awaits the designer of one guaranteed to get over the railroad crossing after the gates are down.

THE inevitable squaring of the circle is illustrated by the fact that those warships which had to be scrapped as a result of the Disarmament Conference were used for target practice.



Your feet— keep them fit this way!

If on your feet more or less all day—apply Absorbine, Jr. You almost see that hot, tired aching feeling disappear as the muscles relax their tension. A soothing, cooling sensation comes quickly—and affords lasting relief.

Or, shake a few drops in the foot bath. It provides a delightfully invigorating sense of comfort and prepares you for an evening of dancing or other pleasure.

Absorbine, Jr. occupies that never-empty place in thousands of medicine cabinets as both toilet requisite and first aid in emergencies.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
362 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Other timely uses:
Cuts, Stains, Bruises, Sunburn, Insect bites, Pimples

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK

THE FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.



- Leslie Thrasher -



45 minutes' toasting develops
its aristocratic flavor — the
enormous production makes
possible its democratic price

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

